

Ben Kenney, You Won't Like the Sound

you got nothing to say and I got nothing to lose
i'm sick of feeling trapped by my own rules
cause there's a sense of control that I lose
I got my own opinions I got rights to abuse
I got reasons to fear the things that I shouldn't do
I got this evil streak in me that wants to prevail
but I keep it cool
i'm sick of feeling trapped by my own rules
cause there's a sense of control that I lose
so don't bring me down cause you won't like the sound
it's as if i'm a kite attached to my past
on the sand, on the ground
I feel as if i'm flying somewhere always not around
don't fool yourself
you speak too fast
the subtlety like most your life
was never meant to last
the future days unfold me
but my history down upon the ground forever gets to hold onto me
onto me
onto me
i'm sick of feeling trapped by my own rules
cause there's a sense of control that I lose
so don't bring me down cause you won't like the sound